

Children's Newspaper

The Week's Wild Life in Pictures
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MANY HAPPY RETURNS TO THE DRAGON

FALLING FROM THE SKY THE WAY TO EARTH IN A CRISIS

**The Parachute Problem for
the Airmen**

LEAPING INTO SPACE

Though the airway can never be absolutely safe for all, the Air Ministry has taken a step forward towards making it safer for the airmen by supplying them with parachutes.

The parachute is the airman's life-buoy. But as at present made it requires as much courage to use it as a seaman would need if he had to fling his lifebuoy into a raging sea and then jump after it.

First among the ideas of applying parachutes to aeroplane flight was that of attaching the parachute to the plane in such a way that the airman, when the plane was falling, might seat himself on the parachute's bar and by his weight rip it from the plane and so descend.

The Thrilling Moment

This way has the drawback that the parachute may entangle its cords in the wires and stays of the plane. The American parachute with which the U.S.A. Air Service has been experimenting, and which its pilots learn to use in their ordinary routine, is not attached in this way. The airman must leap away from the plane with the parachute, pulling its string after he has jumped, and then awaiting the moment when, by this action, the parachute opens itself out above him.

However simple that description sounds, none will believe that such an act can be undertaken except by men with nerves of steel. Imagine the leap into space holding a parcel of which the string has to be pulled *after the leap* in the hope and expectation that the parcel will turn into a parachute. Imagine the fall like a stone till the moment when the lifebuoy umbrella opens out and checks the fall! Imagine (and this is pleasanter to think about) the warmth about one's heart with relief when it does open out.

A Great Advance

Airmen who have used the parachute experience all these feelings, and one of them, Lieut.-Colonel Orde Lees, who believes it would save fifty per cent of lives in aeroplane crashes, once fell 875 feet before his parachute opened. He states that the shock as the parachute checked his fall could hardly be felt.

But he says nothing about the shock to the nerves while falling, and it is quite clear that at the present time parachutes would not be of much use to passengers. Still a great advance has been made, and some day a parachute will be devised in which, when in danger, the air-traveller will seat himself with as much confidence of safety as if he were in his own armchair at home.

The Horse Puts On Its Sun-bonnet



The spell of hot, sunny weather brought out not only the summer clothes of men, women, and children, but the sun-bonnets of the horses, several of which were seen in the streets of London. This horse stood outside the Editor's window while its cart was being unloaded.

DRAGON'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

**CENTENARY OF THE
DINOSAUR****An Old Friend to Meet this
Year at South Kensington**

MR. IGUANODON

Everybody who goes this month to the Natural History Museum should visit the Iguanodon and wish him many happy returns of his centenary.

It is a hundred years since Dr. Mantell dug him up from his lonely grave in Sussex. Bit by bit he was reconstructed, so that he may now be seen standing up more than fifteen feet high.

When he was found and built up again, a striking resemblance was seen in him to those fabled dragons whose existence so strangely lingers in the legends of mankind, though Iguanodon and his kind must have faded from the Earth long before man walked upon it. Yet there he stands in a fighting attitude, as if defying St. George or any other noble knight. But Iguanodon is not rearing himself up to fight, only to nibble the juicy topmost branches of some ancient tree-fern.

An Appalling Procession

A hundred years is nothing in his young life. Millions of years have passed since it was first begun, but the hundred years is well worth marking, for it is within that period that all the famous Dinosaurs have become known. One after the other, industrious geologists have found them and fitted their bones together till they now march, a stately but rather appalling procession, down the ages. Megalosaurus, Brontosaurus, Diplodocus, Stegosaurus, Triceratops, one by one they have marched into the Ark of Knowledge.

Every year something new is found about them. Last year their remains were found in Mongolia, thus proving that in times past they had marched across the Lost Highway of the Bering Sea to North America, where, in Wyoming, is their best-known graveyard. In Central East Africa lies a famous one so huge that, though its bones were discovered before the war, it has not yet been possible to bring more than a few of the smaller ones to Europe.

The Giant Among Reptiles

When they all arrive the remains of the monster will be compared with its smaller but distant relative Diplodocus, and with the incomplete Megalosaurus which was also found in England just over a hundred years ago.

The most curious thing about Megalosaurus, the giant among the reptiles, is that, though jaws and legs and skulls of it have been found from time to time, never enough has been put together to show what it was really like.

When all is said and done, 1925 is the genuine centenary of the Dinosaur, and it should be celebrated.

A RICH MAN AND HIS MONEY

THE C.N. recorded the other day the munificence of Mrs. Harkness in setting up a number of scholarships similar to those founded by Cecil Rhodes. Now there is more good news of the kind.

In memory of his young son, who died three years ago while preparing to enter Harvard University, an American millionaire, Simon Guggenheim, has given three million dollars for the foundation of travel scholarships.

The awards are to be open to men and women in America of all races and creeds, and it is specially interesting to note that they will not be confined to a narrow age-limit of early manhood.

The first scholarships will be awarded for next year and the year after, and there will probably be fifty of them given each year, each of the value of £500. The students are to use the money in pursuing their studies in Europe, giving their time, not only to the particular art or science which they

have been studying, but to the careful observation of life and conditions in the various countries which they may visit. Only one condition is made, and that is that each of them must write and publish some contribution to the knowledge of the affairs of the world as the result of what they have seen and observed in the course of their adventures abroad.

Mr. Guggenheim is one of seven remarkable brothers who have done for Alaska what Cecil Rhodes did for South Africa. Speaking to a gathering at which he announced his gift, he laid stress on the vital importance to the future of the world of getting men and women into industry who could take an international point of view. That end, he maintained, could only be achieved by travel, and he is particularly anxious that teachers and research students should take advantage of his offer.

AN UNDISCOVERED WRITER

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MOTHER

Stories and Poems of Childhood's Days

THE VIGOUR OF OLD AGE

It seems strange that the mother of the Prime Minister should have died at the age of eighty before her gifts as a writer were generally discovered. Yet that is what has happened.

In a limited circle it was, of course, known that Mrs. Alfred Baldwin was writing quietly throughout her long life, not without appreciation; but it was not until she passed away that the general public began to hear of writings which they might long ago have welcomed.

A Wide Appeal

Mrs. Baldwin was never talked of as a writer; she was known in society memoirs as one of the five beautiful Macdonald sisters, and it is only now that the fact is realised that her writings, though not great, have qualities that make a very wide appeal.

Mrs. Baldwin published three novels, two books of verses for children, a book of ghost stories, a later volume of poems, and finally, in her last years, some vigorous poems which have a fine national ring. In all probability these quietly-issued writings of a retiring lady do not fully represent her literary activity, and it will be far better known presently than it was during her lifetime.

The Storyteller

Mrs. Baldwin was the storyteller among the Macdonald sisters. That accounts for her stories for children, *The Pedlar's Pack*, which she dedicated to her sister Agnes—Lady Poynter.

Deep in our hearts unchanged are we,
And so I crave my dearest fee:
Your smile upon my pedlar's pack.
Glad if among its varied wares
There lurk some antidote for cares,
Some charm to call our childhood back.

It also accounts for her volume of ghost stories, *The Shadow on the Blind*, stories she had told in the sisterly circle, and finally dedicated to her nephew, Rudyard Kipling.

The volume she called *A Chaplet of Verses for Children* is just what its title claims for it. Mrs. Baldwin's later poems appeared 14 years ago under the title *Afterglow*. Her stories *Richard Dare*, *Where Town and Country Meet*, and *The Story of a Marriage*, are of earlier date. Within the last year of her long life she sent to the *Morning Post* patriotic poems, of which these closing verses on England give the keynote.

England! whose sacred soil is fed
From ages past and now,
With ashes of our hallowed dead,
Flesh of our flesh art thou!
Thy soil the grave of English folk,
That in thy breast repose,
Whose strength has passed into the oak,
Whose blood has dyed the rose.

Garnering the Harvest

The vigour that could produce such lines in an eightieth year must have been quietly garnering a harvest along the whole course of those years of which it is well that the world should know more.

On Armistice Day last year Mrs. Baldwin issued a poem with four lines which are pathetically interesting now, when she, too, has passed to her serene abode:

Now shall our dead keep festival with us today,
Our happy dead, for radiant, strong, and young
are they,
Who look with wonder on us that we should be
sad
When they in their serene and far abode are
glad.

WHILE ENGLAND SLEEPS

Bottling Up a Wireless Concert Till She Wakes

MIRACLE ON MIRACLE

We shall never catch up wireless. As soon as our minds have grasped one of its miracles, it is off with its lightning speed to another.

Marvellous indeed it is to hear in the silent watches of the night the sound of a voice in New York. It has sped across the ocean as fast as the rays of the awakening Sun at morn. We shall presently be able to tune-in a Test Match in Australia, and hear at night the cheering of a boundary-hit which will take place tomorrow morning—Australian time. Even that will not long astonish us.

Wireless is now preparing a new surprise. This night-watching is inconvenient for all but the young and brave and very enthusiastic, and steps are being taken to retard the flight of wireless so as to make it tune-in with its competitor the Sun.

The evening singer in New York, instead of being heard in London's small hours owing to the inconvenient habit of the Sun in going to bed earlier in England than in America, will be heard the next evening instead. The wireless sounds will be bottled as in a vacuum flask. Then, at the appropriate hour, they will be released, and the listeners-in will hear them at tea-time or evensong, or at the children's hour.

That is to say, a concert given in America while England sleeps, will be stored-up in England till she wakes.

DID BOSWELL MAKE JOHNSON?

Or Did Johnson Make Boswell?

Three well-known men the other day discussed in public the question *Did Boswell make Johnson?* In other words, did Dr. Johnson owe his fame to his famous biographer?

Sir Charles Russell, opposing the suggestion, asked where would Johnson stand if Boswell had not lived? The answer was, he said, that Johnson's unique position was firmly established. He was the literary dictator of England and the best type of John Bull.

Mr. Edward Shanks, maintaining that Boswell's biography was one of the greatest books in the English language, held that no book by Johnson came anywhere near it in popular estimation, and that Boswell not merely perpetuated Dr. Johnson's fame, but in a very large part invented Dr. Johnson himself.

Mr. Augustine Birrell probably expressed the general view when he said the biography was far more interesting than the life its subject led. "To read it is a joy for ever, and in that sense Boswell contributed enormously to the fame of Johnson."

BRITISH EMPIRE BEING BORN AGAIN

Science Marching On

Lord Burnham has been talking about the march of science in the British Empire, and he said some striking things about its progress.

There was (he said) a new conception of physical power in all the Empire's energies. Wireless telegraphy was changing the whole condition of human life. At the present time the potentialities of broadcasting were but guessed at. Yellow fever, which did its deadly work in a few short hours, was fast becoming a nightmare of a past age, and Malta fever, which used to take its toll in sickness and even in death year by year from the Royal Navy, was hardly noticed in the First Lord's annual statement to Parliament. By the light of scientific discovery and application, the British Empire was being born again with a fair and fragrant prospect of wealth and happiness.

CECIL SHARP

The Man who Found Our Lost Songs

A NATIONAL MEMORIAL

While song remains in England the name of Cecil Sharp, in whose memory a national centre for English folk-song and ancient dances is being founded, will not be forgotten.

In his laborious lifetime he collected over 5000 songs the people used to sing, and a thousand dances with which they made merry. Perhaps he does not need any other memorial than the gratitude of the common people, to whom he gave back their heritage.

We like the tribute paid to Mr. Sharp by Miss Margaret Bondfield at the Mansion House in London the other day, when a meeting in support of the Memorial Fund was called by the Lord Mayor, for the purpose of getting £25,000 for a central building.

Miss Bondfield said that Cecil Sharp's great contribution to their age was that he rediscovered the songs and dances of the common people. The only memorial that he would cherish would be one in which all who would might share; a home of joy, a place from which could flow the living waters of merry dance and song, of spontaneous gaiety that came originally from the clean-living and simple ways of hard-working pastoral people, but which could be passed on to cleanse and sweeten their great urban centres, and, maybe, do much to transform their hectic and artificial pleasures, so that once again the note of joyousness might sound in the land.

A WORD FOR BOYS

A Prime Minister's Message

The little town of Limavady, in County Londonderry, has many affectionate memories of Mr. William Massey, the late Premier of New Zealand, for it was there that he was born.

One day in 1916 when Mr. Massey was visiting Limavady Technical School, he was asked to say a few words to the pupils and to give them a motto to keep before them through life.

Although the request was quite unexpected, he did not hesitate for a moment, but said, "Yes! Here is the best motto I know for any boy or girl starting out on life"; and repeated the last verse of Kipling's famous poem *If*:

*If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's
in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man,
my son!*

In the school there hangs a framed copy of the verse signed W. F. Massey, and the pupils are proud to remember their statesman's message to them.

A PIONEER

Old Man Who Made a Flying Machine

By the death of Clément Ader, an old man of eighty, France has lost one of the first pioneers of aviation.

In the last years of last century, before Santos Dumont and the Wright Brothers made their successful flight experiments, Ader constructed several flying machines, one of which rose into the air by its own power.

This he called an *avion*, a name that has since been generally adopted in France. It was fitted with two independent tractor screws, driven by a special steam engine heated with alcohol. It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 without attracting much attention, and the inventor had to wait for many years before recognition of his pioneer work came to him.

Now that he is dead France has honoured him with a State burial, and just before his death he was appointed Commander of the Legion of Honour.

AMERICA IN TWO DAYS?

Seaplanes for the Atlantic SHIP STATIONS EVERY 400 MILES

Which is going to give us the first Atlantic air ferry, the airship or the seaplane?

Many plans have been put forward for both. The latest idea is for seaplanes travelling day and night, taking in supplies at a chain of supply ships or sea stations some 400 miles apart, and doing the journey from London to New York in less than 48 hours.

The station ships would have powerful searchlights seen for 400 miles in clear weather, and the seaplanes would alight on the water beside them, being taken on board only on exceptional occasions. The navigation instruments to be supplied are so perfect that the planes could run safely through fog, and in case of bad weather could run right round a storm without being caught in it!

One route would be by Newfoundland and another by the Azores. The seaplanes would carry ten or twelve passengers and special mails. A syndicate is being formed to run the scheme, which it is estimated will cost six millions.

ALL THE KING'S HORSES Barking's 125,000 H.P. Station

At Barking the King pressed a button and released 125,000 horses, the horsepower of the new great electric supply station which is to be part of the scheme to supply the 2000 square miles of Greater London with electric light and heat and power.

In a year the Barking electric current will have risen from 125,000 horse-power to double that amount. In a few years three-quarters of a million of electric horses will be galloping with the speed of light round the wires of London to light its streets and houses, to turn its machines, to heat its rooms, to cook its meals, and to be its household servant.

THINGS SAID

The prison population is made up of the men who have no trade.

Sir W. Joynton Hicks

America's hustle is largely pose.

Dean Inge

The only thing you can rely on is the human will. On three things you can build everything you desire—the will to peace, the will to cooperate, the will to work.

The Prime Minister

Every town ought to exercise its own characteristic force, not only in commerce but in art.

Prof. Lascelles Abercrombie

What use is a statesman who cannot found his labours on hope?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

It is not enough to condemn people; you will not get the truth into anybody's head that way.

Dr. Orchard

It is as essential to get our working men and women singing as it is to build houses.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

Equally important as shortening hours of labour is the question of how to occupy the leisure shortened hours produce.

Lord Balfour

As I see it, this Empire is a trust of which we are the keepers for the British race. Can we not develop it as it deserves?

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

There are three classes that need sanctuary more than others—birds, wild flowers, and Prime Ministers.

The Prime Minister

I love lilies; I wish I could have four or five acres of them.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

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A GARDEN CITY IN PARIS

New Home for Students SPLENDID GIFT BY AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR

About this time last year the greatest distress was caused in Paris by the flooding out of a number of the cafés on the famous left bank of the Seine, where the men and girls of the student quarter used to gather for cheap meals.

At that time, the franc had fallen so heavily that the problem of feeding themselves was a severe one for these high-spirited, care-free young people, who had found life much easier before the war, when they could get a good meal for ten sous, then about fivepence. Last spring ten sous was worth a penny to the foreigner, and about twice as much to the Parisian. But even for the equivalent of twopence the students could manage to eat and drink fairly well in certain cafés set apart by custom for themselves.

Then the floods came, and the students had to dine elsewhere. It meant in many cases that they had to go hungry. Hunger is not such a good sauce to whet the appetite for learning when it becomes continuous, and the authorities at the Sorbonne, the famous university of Paris, were much concerned at the state of affairs. It may be well imagined that they and the students are rejoicing now at the news that an anonymous millionaire has made a present of ten million francs, equal today to £107,000, for the construction of a wonderful garden city on the site of the fortifications at the south of the capital.

Pathway for Genius

There will be seven buildings, in the English style and with a Tudor aspect, grouped round a central square of green lawns and shady trees. Six will be for living quarters, and the seventh for recreation rooms, and one building is reserved for women. Divans are to be placed in the rooms instead of beds, so that they can be studies in the daytime and bedrooms by night. The cost of a room will be about 7s. 6d. a week, and the charges for board will be correspondingly cheap, so that the very poorest will be able to live.

The Garden City will only house a small fraction of the thousands of students attending the Sorbonne, but it is a step in the right direction.

So many men and women, not French only, but belonging to other nations, have risen to fame and fortune after a hard and self-denying student life in Paris that it is time steps were taken to make the path easier for the generations of genius that are coming on.

KINEMA AND EDUCATION

What the American Government Does

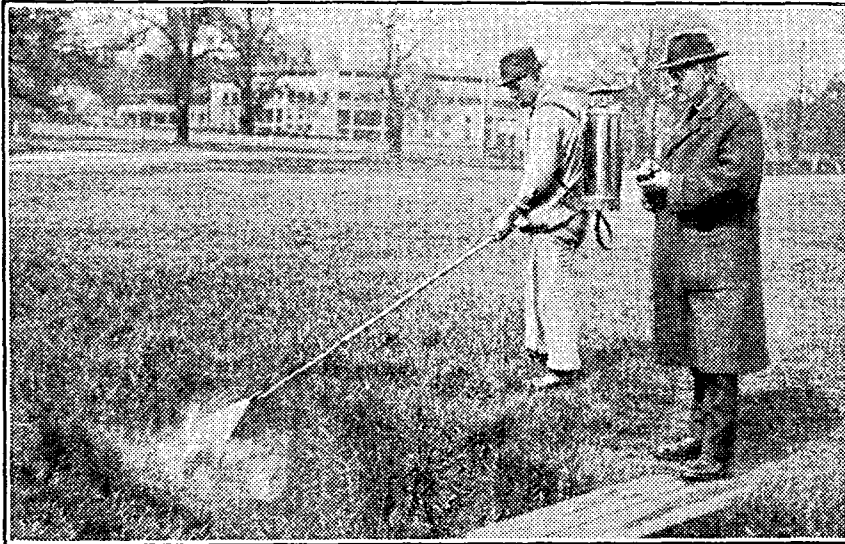
In recent years the United States Government has become one of the greatest kinema producers in the world. More and more the various departments have come to realise that this is an effective way of educating the public on questions of health, and agricultural and industrial progress.

Films dealing with the lives and habits of insect and other farm pests are distributed in rural areas, and the farmers are taught how to deal with them. The films also show the details of plant life and illustrate the growth of crops.

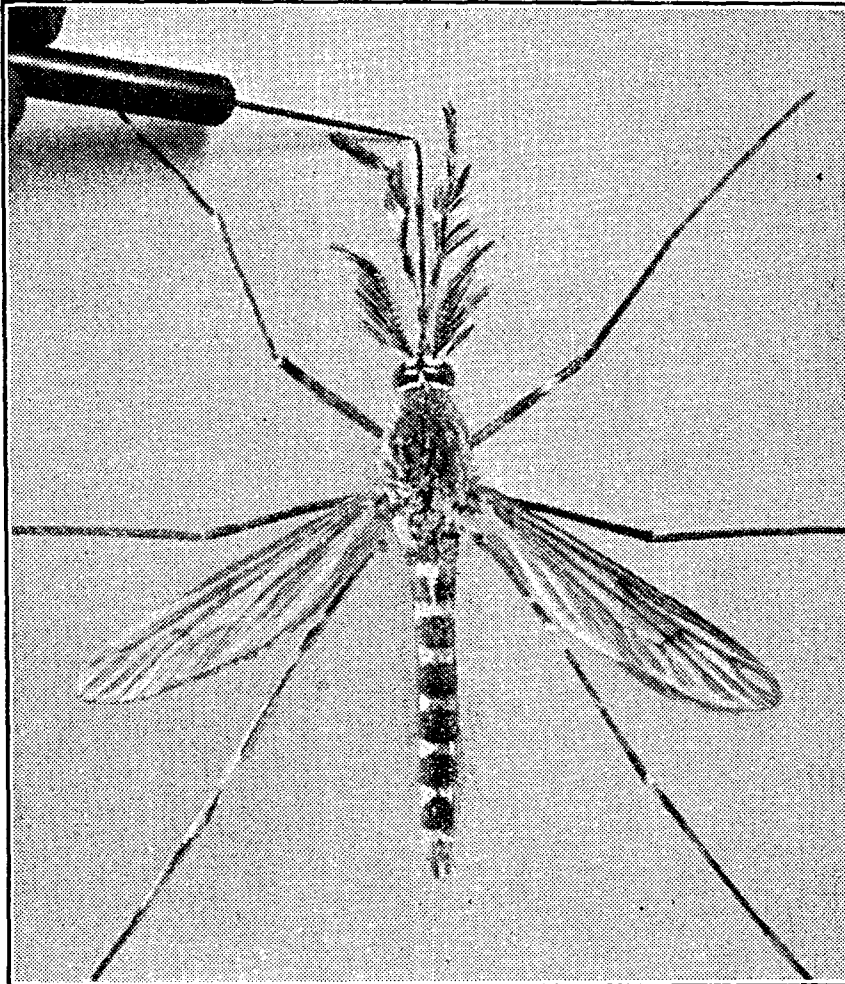
Health preservation films are released mainly in city theatres, and Safety First pictures are loaned to the large factories for the purpose of educating the workmen. Fire prevention is also dealt with on a large scale.

The Government has its own picture bureau, with studios, cameras, and operators second to none.

WAGING WAR ON THE MOSQUITO



Spraying pools with paraffin near the All-England Tennis Club



An enlarged model of the mosquito showing his proboscis



Filling the sprayer before beginning the day's battle

A determined effort is being made in many districts of England to exterminate the mosquito, which has become such a pest in recent years. Torquay has already freed its area, Bournemouth has almost done so, and here we see pictures of the anti-mosquito war that is now being waged in Wimbledon, near London

A FLOWER CALENDAR

Plants More Punctual than the Birds

LAST BLOSSOM OF THE YEAR

Though everybody likes to tell when they heard the first cuckoo or saw the first swift of the summer, few note so carefully when the first snowdrop broke the winter's gloom, or the crocus showed its yellow spear.

Yet the Meteorological Society, knowing that the flowers are more punctual than the birds, has put out a blossoming list of the dates when the buds break, and it hopes that the list published will be read, marked, learned, and perhaps corrected, year by year, by flower lovers, not only in England but in other countries of Europe.

Here are a few of the birthdays of the lovely wild flowers, and some garden flowers, too, of England. The snow-drop, the earliest adventurer, breaks through on January 19, followed by the winter aconite next day. These are dates which are assigned on an average arrived at over a number of years.

The First Fruit Blossom

On the same reckoning the yellow crocus thrusts itself into notice on February 2, the thirty-third day of the flowering calendar; the celandine on the forty-seventh day of the year on February 16.

The first fruit blossom, that of the cherry plum, offers the first taste of pleasures to come on the seventieth day of the year, or March 11. The almond tree sweetens the winds of March on March 26.

The blackthorn, last relic of a wintry spring and forerunner of the hawthorn, appears on April 12, two days before the flowering currant or ribes. The pink and white may, the true hawthorn, is deferred till May 19, nine days after the lilac and a day after the laburnum.

We will give only a few dates more, allowing C.N. readers to find the birthdays of other flowers as they arrive.

The ox-eye daisy opens its eyes on the 150th day of the year, the wild rose, the dog-rose, on the 163rd day. The madonna lily marks the turn of the year, for it does not appear till a fortnight after Midsummer Day; and the Christmas rose is last of all, for when it blooms there is only a fortnight of the year to run.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE Island Feud which Killed Off a Race

The Chatham Isles, which lie nearly 400 miles to the east of New Zealand, do not often attract the public eye, for their chief population is sheep, sixty or seventy thousand of them, and a few hundred head of cattle; but Tami Solomon, the last of the Morioris, has just been from the Chathams on a visit to New Zealand, and when he is dead there will be nothing left of the Moriori people but their name.

The Morioris were originally inhabitants of New Zealand, but gradually the warlike Maoris killed them off, save for a few who took refuge in the Chathams. Here they prospered until 1831, when some foolish white sea-captain brought 800 Maoris to their shores. There were more than a thousand Morioris when their enemies landed, but in nine years only 90 were left.

Since that time they have gradually dwindled away, until only Solomon survives, and he only survives because he married a Maori wife. His five children, half-bred Maoris, help him on his sheep farm. He gets on well with the white population, who number about 200, and even with the Maoris, of whom there are about the same number; and he is able to go for a holiday to New Zealand once a year.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

WHAT IS GOING ON UNDER IT

New Sight of the World Being Prepared for London

ROOM UNDERGROUND FOR A MILLION PEOPLE A DAY

The President of the Royal Academy declares that at night Piccadilly Circus is the most vulgar place in Europe; the hideous illuminations all round are most degrading.

Most of us hope the new Piccadilly Circus will be more worthy of London. Here our Art Correspondent tells us something about it.

Who knows anything of the underworld of London? It is a city beneath a city, with culverts and passages for streets, in which lie a network of water and gas mains, sewers, drains, electric cables—a complicated system of pipes that ensure the health and working order of the capital and are the labour of our best engineers. Who knows what is going on now under our gay old Piccadilly Circus?

All we can see are the hoardings round the place where the fountain and flower women were. Thousands of Londoners tramp by daily and have got used to the dingy sight of Piccadilly Circus in overalls, just as they have got used long ago to Regent Street and the Strand in overalls.

A Circus Under a Circus

When the overalls are taken off we shall see one of the sights of the world. There will be two Piccadilly Circuses instead of one, lying on top of each other neatly, like a jam sandwich.

There will be seven ways of diving down into this underworld, which is going to be brilliantly lighted with hidden lamps so that our eyes will not get dazzled. We shall be able to walk round the underground circus and come up again at any point much more easily and pleasantly than the way we have been accustomed to crossing, risking our lives every other second.

The New Station

It has been suggested that show-shops, connected with the big stores, shall line the walls with attractive window displays—something to look at during a shower.

The great sight will be the new Tube station, planned on an enormous scale, so that about a million people a day can avail themselves of this one station alone. We can measure something of the tremendous and ever-increasing complication of London traffic as we realise that when Piccadilly Tube Station was opened, in 1906, the passengers, spread over the year, only numbered about a million and a half.

A Jig-Saw Puzzle

This development entails a vast labour which is necessarily a closed book to ordinary people. It means sinking many shafts, building branching subways and platforms. At present it seems that men are digging anyhow in the clay; but the shafts are being sunk to a hairbreadth of measurement, and the holes and tunnels will presently fit together like a jig-saw puzzle.

Before the new circus is finished the overalls will have come off Regent Street. Let us hope the result will be as fine as it is in Oxford Circus where the four huge arcs, each different and yet each alike, make a most dignified and simple whole.

MEDICINE AND LAZINESS

Columbia University has a school of tropical medicine in Porto Rico, and one of the subjects of study is how the indolence of the native race may be banished, and its energy restored.

THE WIDOW'S PENSION

Should Every Widow Have It?

POINTS TO REMEMBER

Should widows with no children dependent on them have a widow's pension?

Many critics of the Government's great pension scheme think not, but perhaps they forget that it is not proposed to give the same in both cases. The widow of every man who has paid health insurance will get a pension of 10s. a week, but those with dependent children under 14 will get something extra for each child. And 10s. does not go far, in any case.

What is also forgotten is that when widows have no children under 14 they generally have or have had children over that age for whom they have worked through the years, so they are rather old to go back to shop or workroom.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the author of the Pensions Bill, says that of the 73,000 women who became widows in 1920, only 26,000 had dependent children, and that of the remainder 91 in every 100 were over 40 and 76 were over 50.

These at least deserve their 10s. And the others—including the young women who have no children—make so little difference in the cost of the scheme that it is not worth while to leave them out.

ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Exploring Unknown Spaces

Blank spaces in the world map still to be filled in! That is enough for your true explorer.

And on the roof of the world, where the Hindu Kush and Karakorum meet and the Himalayas approach from south of the upper Indus, there are many spaces left blank in the maps. Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Visser were there in 1922, and now they are going again.

They are going from their base at sunny Srinagar, in Kashmir, up the Hunza valley, away on the northern side of the Karakorum. The Hunza valley is well known. Through it passes the caravan route from Chinese Turkestan to India. But the side valleys running up out of it have never been explored (except one) and these are the destination of the adventurers.

100 YEARS OF LIFE

Mrs. Haldane Passes On

We greatly regret to announce the passing into her long sleep of Mrs. Haldane, the famous mother of famous children, whose portrait we gave on our front page the other day, with some notes on her hundred years of life.

Mrs. Haldane died in beautiful serenity, a little tired after the birthday celebrations. Only a few days before her passing she was shown the C.N. with her portrait in it, and said, on seeing it, how much she hoped from the young people of our time, that they may grow up good citizens and help to realise the kingdom of God in their lives.

One of Mrs. Haldane's sons has been Lord Chancellor and another is a professor; her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, is a scholar of renown and a lady of great distinction and charm.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S POST OFFICES

Officials say that one-third of the 300 post offices in Newfoundland are unsatisfactory as to their money-order accounts, while another third are doubtful through incompetence.

Inquiry has revealed that one official, who received 900 dollars a year, handled unaided 268,000 dollars in ten months, and buried his receipts in an unused stove because he could not get a safe.

ONE EVIL FEEDS ANOTHER

CHINA IN THEIR GRIP

The League's Way Out of a Desperate Situation

44 NATIONS TALK IT OVER

By Our League Correspondent

Forty-four countries have been meeting at Geneva, invited by the League of Nations to try to find some way of stopping an iniquitous trade, the selling of guns and war munitions to people who have no right to buy them. The conference could do nothing to stop buying and selling inside a country, but trade with other countries is an international matter, and can be controlled if all the nations agree.

We have only to think of China to see how necessary this is. Civil war has been raging there for years, with disastrous results. Where do the munitions come from? Not from China itself, for there are no factories. They come from countries where manufacturers make their fortunes by selling them.

Forced to Grow Opium

Where does China find the money to pay for them? The answer to this question shows how difficult it is to get rid of evil in this world. The people are forced by their military chiefs to grow opium to pay for these arms! A recent report issued by the British Government states that this tax is so heavy that the only way to pay it is to plant opium, and that in certain districts the cultivation of the poppy is even more deplorable than last year. Smuggling on a large scale is carried on in broad daylight, and with practically no attempt at concealment. So the war curse is kept going by the opium curse, at a time when earnest efforts are being made to get rid of both.

These facts are all the more tragic when we remember that by 1917, after years of earnest struggle, China had almost freed herself from the opium scourge.

If these military chiefs of China could find nobody to sell arms to them, the civil war would die out, opium growing would be checked, and the country would have a chance of prosperity and peace.

Two Ideas

There are other wars, too, still dragging on and kept going with guns made and sent out by people whose only interest is to make money. Where do the Rifs obtain their arms? Munitions do not grow on mountain-sides.

Because the League of Nations aims at securing the peace of the world it hopes at least to stop these pitiful wars by preventing the supply of arms, and so it called the conference. Certain main ideas have guided the discussions. One is that every country should be responsible for the arms that leave its territory, and that every export of guns and munitions must carry a Government licence. Another idea is that full publicity be given to all such transactions.

GIRL TRAVELLER

19,000 Miles at 12

An experienced traveller who has lately arrived at Liverpool from New York in the White Star liner Canopic is little Muriel Lockyer, the 12-year-old daughter of Captain Lockyer, commander of the Houston liner Hyacinthus, who has sailed 19,000 miles in her father's ship around the South American ports, being signed on the ship's articles as a member of the crew.

She has been voyaging for four months and was put on board the Canopic at New York for home by her father. At Liverpool she was met by her mother, who found her full of tales of her travels.

W. H. HUDSON

HIS LITTLE CORNER OF HYDE PARK

The Prime Minister on the Great Things He Did

AN ACT OF SACRIFICE

The Prime Minister paid a beautiful tribute to that "rare and remarkable spirit" W. H. Hudson, in unveiling the memorial in Hyde Park, where a sculptured panel has been placed in a Bird Sanctuary near the Serpentine.

It is a profound pity that the panel does not meet with public favour. It is described as vague and meaningless, with nothing in it of the spirit of the man it stands for. We give below what Mr. Baldwin said of Mr. Hudson.

It is more than eighty years ago since Hudson was born in a land where, to use his own words, he "heard the little finches in thousands among miles of pink peach blossom, pouring out wonderful music against the blue sky."

And just as all of us feel as we grow older the increasing pull of that earth from which we sprang—and in none of us is that pull stronger than in those who have the joy to be raised on the red earth of England—so he felt the pull of that soil of Devonshire whence his forefathers had come 50 years ago. He landed in England unknown and unheralded, and with us he remained until his death. The greater number of those years were years of infinite struggle and toil.

Honour and Pride

One thing is significant of his high sense of honour and pride. Early in the century the Civil List did honour to itself by giving him one of those small pensions which are within its competence. A few years ago, when his wife died and his meagre income was minutely supplemented, he surrendered that pension at his own desire and in spite of the protests of those who administer it, because he said he could do without it, and he felt that infinitesimal as the relief would be, he did not wish to lay "another grain of sand on the already overburdened taxpayer" of his country.

It has been a frequent event in history for Englishmen and Scotsmen to go out into the wilds of the Earth and come back and tell of the strange things they have seen. But Hudson came from the ends of the Earth to rediscover to a people something of the beauty of their own country.

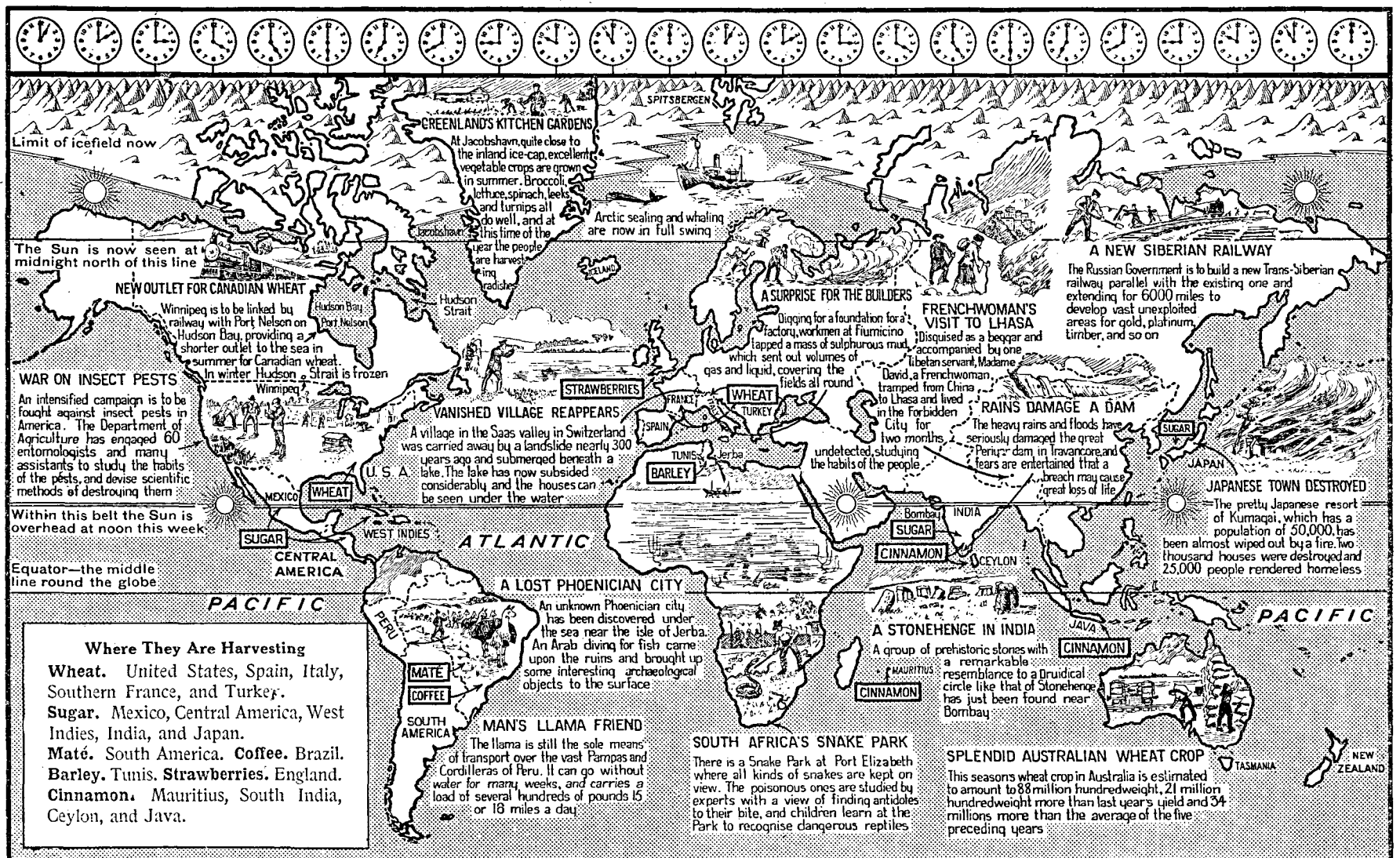
Hidden Beauty

He has made familiar now to thousands the hidden beauties of our southern counties, and taught Londoners the names of places such as Winterbourne Bishop, names of beauty and romance, with a music peculiar to our country and our people, and the names, too, of flowers and birds which were given in those dark centuries of long ago. In the words of Wordsworth, "He widened for us the sphere of human sensibilities."

There were a few things that raised passion in him. One was people whose palate could only be tickled by eating larks' and plovers' eggs, and another was seeing ladies who ransacked hidden corners of the world to decorate their hats. We are doing national penance today in recognising the sins we have committed in the past, and resolving to abstain from them in the future. I hope the news that Sir Harry Brittain's Bill for the protection of wild birds was passed in the House last night will reach Hudson.

There was one thing which bored him, and that was politics. The only two politicians he could tolerate were Lord Grey and Lord Banbury—Lord Grey for his love of nature, Lord Banbury for his hatred of cruelty to living creatures.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A FRENCH LADY IN TIBET

How She Reached the Forbidden City

It is not long since the C.N. told of a courageous Belgian woman who made her way alone and unprotected into the forbidden Tibetan city of Lhasa, and lived there for some time.

Now there has returned to Paris a French lady who has been living in Tibet for fourteen years. She is Madame Alexandra David, and she left Paris in 1911 to go to India and Burma in the interests of French education, and to study Buddhist philosophy.

It was while she was in India that she met the Dalai Lama, who had been driven out of Lhasa by the Chinese, and the encounter inspired her with the wish to see for herself what the Forbidden City was like.

She knew well the dangers that confronted her, for although the Tibetan people are kindly and courteous, they have a large number of fierce and fanatical priests, especially in the capital, who would not think twice of killing any foreign traveller, even a woman, who dared to penetrate into their secrets.

It was necessary that Madame David should be able to pass as a Tibetan, and for this purpose she went to a lonely cavern 13,000 feet up in the mountains and made friends with a Buddhist hermit, who taught her the language. She then spent three years in a monastery, by which time she was easily able to pass for a Tibetan. So she reached the height of her ambition, and spent two months among the mysteries of Lhasa.

No one ever detected or even suspected her disguise, and now that she is back in her own country, all Paris is agog to hear what she has to tell them.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Iguanodon . . .	E-gwah-no-don
Pythagoras . . .	Pi-thag-o-ras
Sagittarius . . .	Saj-it-tay-re-us
Triceratops . . .	Tri-sayr-a-tops

HIDDEN PERIL FOR THE MOTORIST

Discovery of an Unseen Foe

By a Scientific Expert

A peculiar mishap with a Ford motor-car the other day has revealed a danger to which special attention has been drawn in the report of his Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives.

It has been discovered that the mere filling of a petrol tank may cause enough frictional electricity to make a spark and set the car on fire. Unhappily the accident led to a fatal fire, and experiments have shown that the danger is all the greater when the petrol is run through a pipe, especially a rubber one, into the petrol tank of the car.

The big Shell petrol works at Shell Haven have issued strict orders that before filling the tank of any car the tank must be connected to the earth by means of an iron chain. The car, having rubber tyres, is insulated from the earth, but the iron chain conducts to the earth the static electricity generated by the friction of the oil running through the pipe or into the tank.

It is an unthought-of danger, yet it is so real, and it affects so many of us, that it needs a great deal more publicity than the official report will give.

HOUSES MADE BY MACHINERY

Buildings Put Up in a Few Days

A factory which will turn out ten houses a day by special machinery has been devised by Mr. T. H. F. Burditt, who is going to deliver a house in sections in a special kind of delivery van; the pieces can be put together by unskilled labour, the house costing only £450.

Half a complete wall of the house is cast at a time, in steel and cement, complete with windows, door frames, and plumber's work. Ten or twelve parts will be delivered to the site, and the house put together in a few days.

RETURN OF A PRODIGAL

Seen on the Rand

In South Africa the gold sovereign has just been welcomed back home. For more than ten long years it has been missing, but now nothing more is to be said about its deliberate idleness, and it is to be restored to circulation as soon as possible.

It seems only natural that the gold sovereign should make its first reappearance hard by the place of its birth on the Rand; and no doubt the gold mines will go on working night and day to furnish it with new companions. But in England we are not yet quite prepared to welcome the prodigal back on the old terms. There was a time when the sovereign worked hard for its living, passing from hand to hand, and often having little rest in the twenty-four hours. It was treated well, too. Purses were made for it; universal respect was felt for it.

Then it went into retirement, and though we in England may feel that its return is overdue, it will be some time yet before we can take it to our hearts and hands.

THE C.N.'S SISTER

The C.N. tells the story of the world's happenings from week to week, and its sister publication, the Children's Pictorial, brings the world before us every week in pictures. If you like the C.N. you are sure to like the C.P.

In this week's issue a trip is taken through dainty Japan. There are pictures of little folk of many lands at work and at play; there are other pictures from places as far apart as Egypt and California, Bolivia and New Zealand. And, of course, there is the weekly Nature Map of the British Isles, showing the events taking place in Nature's Realm.

There is also the Bran Tub, with its interesting hints, tricks, jokes, and things to make and do; there are true stories of thrilling adventures in the wilds; and there is a splendid working toy which you can make up.

POWER IN A TUNNEL

Sinking a Shaft near the Crystal Palace

SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

A delicate piece of mining work is being carried out in South London.

At Sydenham Hill, less than a mile from the Crystal Palace, a shaft is being sunk 130 feet through the London clay into the mile-long Penge tunnel through which rush Continental trains to and from Dover. This shaft, which is six feet across, is for carrying down to the tunnel high-tension electric cables in connection with the electrification of the suburban system of the Southern Railway.

Nearly at the top of the hill runs the Southern Railway Crystal Palace branch, and to avoid the construction of two electric stations one has been built on the top of the hill, and the power from it is divided between the branch line and the main line underneath. It is, in the long run, both shorter and simpler to bring the cables down through the hill than from a special station half a mile or more from either end of the tunnel.

We hope the opportunity will be taken to carry air as well as electricity into this tunnel, which is the worst ventilated tunnel in England, and a terrible blot on our railway system. The Southern Railway has now a great opportunity to put this matter right.

A DISAPPEARING ANIMAL

Twenty-five years ago 20,000 chinchilla skins were exported annually from Chile. Now only about 150 come. A skin formerly was sold for a shilling; now as much as £20 has been paid for one. The animal is tending to disappear.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 6

1925

The Good Payer

America has sent a note to nine nations suggesting it is time they paid their debts.

THERE was a wise old countryman who used to put people into two classes, those who are good payers and those who are not.

It was a true distinction. It means a great deal.

To be a good payer of what is due from you means to have a ready sense of honour. You cannot bear to be in debt. Also it means that you think of others. You hate the idea that they may need the money you owe. It is a touchstone that tests both your honesty and your sympathy.

More than that, it has a broad effect which spreads into your dealings with all the world, as well as with those from whom you buy things. Every one of us honestly owes a great deal to our neighbours, our town, our country, and to mankind; and if we are sound in character and in heart we shall see that we pay our full share promptly and freely, not only in money, but in work, effort, sympathy, and thought, leaving the world in debt to us rather than being in debt to it.

The first and simplest illustration of being a good payer is quickly paying for everything we buy. The second is giving full and ample service, or goods, for everything paid to us as wages. If we do not we leave ourselves in debt. We have shirked our duty to our own honour, and to others whose dealings with us should be mutually helpful. We are not honest.

It is constantly being said that there is a feeling now in favour of taking as much as we can get and giving as little as possible. Whoever does it is mean in his soul. He has a wrong view of the obligations of life.

But beyond these dealings in work and wages there is a large range of life in which we are all receiving untold blessings for which we can never pay. We live in a delightful world, full of beautiful things far beyond our power of purchase. There is so much to admire and feel and love that the most we can do is to make some acknowledgment of it all by trying so to act towards everybody as to keep up the standard of human goodness.

We ought not to do this only because it is a duty, though that is a good reason. We should do it as a delight. Just as when we see a number of children enjoying themselves we want to join them, and give and take our share of the fun, so it should be our joy to add to the sum of all that is good in the world.

We can never be full payers for all the world gives us, but we can all be good payers.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Honour Where it is Due

WE suppose it is always awkward for some people to be in the presence of greatness, but we may wonder if the whole history of bowing down to kings and queens has anything to equal a story that is new to us.

The story is that as Professor Pepper, who was known to the Victorian Era as the inventor of the optical illusion called Pepper's Ghost, was once lecturing before Queen Victoria, he said: "The oxygen and hydrogen will now have the honour of combining before your Majesty."

We have no doubt the friendliness of the chemical elements was greatly appreciated by the Queen, and we hope they were duly impressed.

Why the Fight is Hard

A VERY curious thing is happening in world politics. It seems worth while to note it.

All over the world men are hoping for the final triumph of the League of Nations. They are hoping, that is to say, that nations will think less of their own rights and more of the rights of the world.

Yet it is just at this time that we see two dramatic assertions of local rights even within a State: what has been called the best Act of Parliament in the British Empire has been defeated by a province of Canada insisting on its local rights, and the great crusade for stopping child labour in America has been beaten by the jealousies of the separate States in safeguarding their own rights.

It is surely remarkable, this persistence of the jealousy of local rights side by side with the growth of the idea of a federated world. It helps us to understand why things are slow, and why the fight is hard.

At the Bottom of the Well

A LADY has just stated that during seven years in India she has seen only two snakes. Yet we know an Anglo-Indian lady who declares that there are snakes in her garden, her verandah, and her bath-room.

Does she exaggerate? Is the other lady extremely unobservant? Who shall say? Certainly it is true that snakes kill thousands of people every year in India. Here is one more proof that we all see a different world.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have given up writing history because he was in despair of ever discovering the truth about any event after hearing two eye-witnesses give different accounts of a street brawl he had himself seen from the ramparts of the Tower of London.

The truth about Indian snakes must remain unsettled; the longer we live the surer we are that truth lies at the bottom of a very, very deep well.

The Poor Anatomy

LOOKING through the register of one of our London churches a friend of ours has come across this grim, pathetic entry for a day when the snowdrops were blooming three hundred and ten years ago.

On this day in 1615 was buried an anatomy from the College of Physicians.

The world has a long way to go to reach perfection, but at least we do not bury poor people as anatomies now.

Tip-Cat

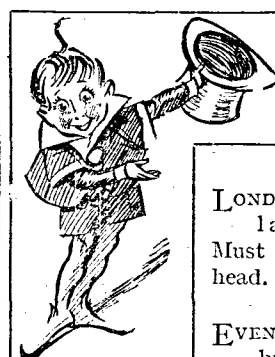
THERE are said to be 16 million thunderstorms in the course of a year. Last year, we ourselves counted six.

SECOND thoughts are best. Even though they are second-best.

POLITICIANS nowadays follow the newspapers. On the look-out, no doubt, for good leaders.

ACCORDING to a doctor, all men with receding chins are not weak-willed. Nor are all strong-willed men double-chinned.

IF it takes men four years to build houses, writes a lady, let us try women. As if they didn't find them trying enough already!



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If fishes move
in still waters

LONDON is said to lack intellect. Must have lost its head.

EVEN motor omnibuses feel the heat. Yes, and are tired.

THE Conservative Party means to look before it leaps. But is sure to have its spring before winter comes.

MR. MAXTON, M.P., says he never has to wait more than three minutes for a telephone call. That's the worst of being so popular.

A WOMAN writer says life is, after all, a story. To be continued week after week like a serial.

THE British Empire is described as a free partnership. But not by a taxpayer.

FOLKESTONE fishermen are landing enormous catches of dog-fish. Which are attracted by their fishing barks.

A Prayer by R. L. S.

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations.

Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest. If any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us and call us up with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labour, eager to be happy if happiness shall be our portion; and, if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

In a Country Lane

By Our Country Girl

THE little Star of Bethlehem was shining in the hedge today, And in the wood anemones were laughing at the squirrels' play; Across the ditch the brambles lean To kiss the new-born celandine.

I PICKED a hundred little stars, and left the hedge without its light;

I took the laughter from the wood, and squirrels mourned its speedy flight.

Across the ditch the brambles leant

To see which way their charges went.

I WANTED light and laughter too; I took my treasures home with me,

But all the little stars grew dim, and so did my anemone.

I told the brambles they were dead.

They missed them more than I. they said.

The Box of Matches

By a Travelling Correspondent

IT was evening in a crowded French clinic on the quay of a very crowded port, most of the beds occupied by strangers in a strange land. There were sick men far from their homes, Englishmen and men from the China seas, Arabs from the hot desert, dusky Negroes, and yellow-faced Malays.

Every ward was filled. Here and there a Frenchman, in his own country but far from his home, looked wearily from his pillow as we sought out the men from British ships.

The Festival Day

There were little gifts for all of them, for it was a festival day. An Arab with tender, grateful eyes spoke to us in halting English, expressing a kind of wistful surprise that we should have come to him. This was noticeable, too, in a big Hindu who, lying in great pain in a small ward apart, seized eagerly the proffered cigarettes, his bright eyes gleaming with delight and wonder.

"Matches?" he queried hoarsely, "any matches?" Alas, we had none with us, but the memory of the Arab's gentle face made me feel certain that he would supply one. He did more. Shyly handing a box he said, "Take it to him, and say 'A gift.'" And he raised himself on his elbow and salaamed.

A Great Light

Deep was the delight of the Hindu. "God give you His blessing," he said, also endeavouring to salaam, in spite of his pain; "Oh, God give His blessing to him and to you." Eyes shining with benediction gleamed from his fine, dark face.

There came into my mind the words: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light," and it seemed to me that a small box of matches had made it shine.

June 6, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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THE LAUGHING MAN

ART WORLD LAUGHING ABOUT HIM

Science Turns its Light on a Striking Picture

LITTLE THINGS A MAN FORGOT

By Our Art Correspondent

How clever men are getting! It is going to be impossible to forge an Old Master soon, and this has been a very lucrative employment for a certain class of unpleasant persons.

The latest exposure is in connection with a painting on wood called The Laughing Man, which the dealers thought was a Frank Hals picture of extraordinary value, and would probably drop the hammer at fifty thousand pounds.

Three men who have spent many years among pictures have given a minute examination to this picture, and are agreed that it is an exceedingly clever forgery. But the whole art world is laughing about the way the forger has been found out.

Secret Tests

The three experts refuse to let us know how they found him out because the story of their experiments would provide so many warnings to men who still hope to earn money by putting false masterpieces on the market. Just a few interesting details they have given us.

They put the picture to many tests—exposed it to a ruthless camera, X-rayed it, turned a powerful microscope on it, and treated it with chemicals.

The man who had tried to be Frank Hals had made quite a lot of mistakes. He forgot that the painter of so many laughing faces had lived from about 1580 to 1666, and therefore could not have used cobalt blue, which was first made in 1820, or ultramarine, discovered about 1826, or zinc white, which first came on the market about 1871.

The presence of these three pigments was easily discovered by the experts; but their most interesting revelations were made about the actual panel on which the picture was painted.

Finding the Forger Out

They found that the panel was made up of two pieces of wood, and one piece, it appeared, was much older than the other. Next, the experts wondered how the pieces had been joined together, and they turned the X-rays on the picture.

Then came the final exposure. The two pieces were joined together with modern steel nails, the heads at the front of the panel, and most generously covered with paint. Each nail he had used went into the forger's coffin.

A great many stories are told among dealers about false masterpieces which have been passed off not only on the public but on connoisseurs. Now that scientific examination is becoming so expert it is probable that fewer mistakes will be made. An amusing instance comes from across the Atlantic.

The Biter Bit

An American gentleman travelling on the Continent was persuaded to buy what he was convinced was a genuine old master of the Dutch genre school. He knew that on such a picture he would have to pay a certain duty, and therefore he arranged to have an amateurish landscape painted on the top of the old master, knowing it could be cleaned off. The landscape got through the customs-house with little trouble. The owner then sent the canvas to a picture-cleaning firm with directions as to how it should be treated.

Some little time later he received a letter to this effect: Dear Sir,—We have cleaned off the landscape, and we have cleaned off the old master. Will you kindly tell us what to do with the Coronation of Queen Victoria?

THE TREASURE HOUSES OF BLOOMSBURY

LONDON's greatest appeal to many of the visitors who crowd its busy streets lies in the gleaming shop-fronts with their fine goods from all the world over, displayed for the delight of the eye and the temptation of the pocket.

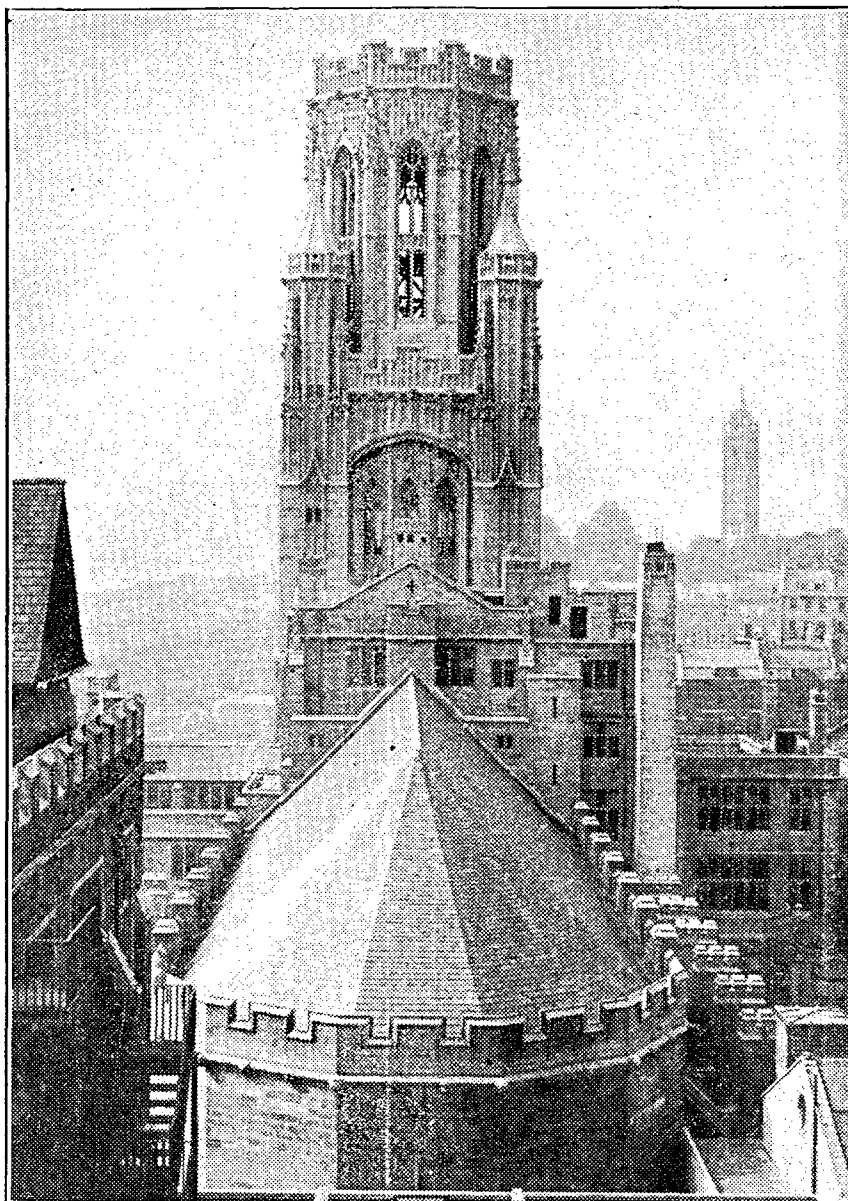
But in Bloomsbury, that quiet region of spacious squares, in which there are no shops at all, a rich and valuable private-house trade is done, chiefly with America, in antiques and objects of art.

Just now purchasers from the United States, buying for museums and private collectors of boundless wealth, are very busy in the houses of Bloomsbury, where you may buy, if you wish, an Italian majolica plate for £500 or a Louis XV writing-table for £1000.

Most of Bloomsbury's houses were built more than a hundred years ago, and our own museums are always glad, when these fine mansions have to be pulled down to make way for more modern buildings, to buy the old stairways, the ironwork balustrades, the marble mantelpieces made by the Adam brothers, and the elegant and solid furniture of Chippendale and Sheraton and Hepplewhite.

But the war has made this country poor, and our museums and collections cannot compete with the longer purses of their American cousins. It is a pity, for it means that much beauty leaves the country which ought to be kept within our own borders.

BRISTOL'S NEW TOWER



The magnificent tower of Bristol University, which is being opened by the King next Tuesday. The tower contains the fourth largest bell in the United Kingdom

A WORKSHOP OF THE MAMMOTH'S DAY

THE great discovery of the remains of prehistoric man made recently at Rochester has aroused great interest in the valley of the Medway.

Near the church of All Saints, Frindsbury, are deposits laid down upon the surface of the chalk when the Medway was flowing about 100 feet above its present level. Since those days, the river has slowly cut its way down to sea-level, and we may suppose that this process took a vast period of time to be accomplished. No less than 4000 implements and flakes of flint have now been found on this site by Mr. W. H. Cook and Mr. J. R. Killick; and these remains evidently represent the workshop debris of a race of people living on the surface of the chalk. There is no doubt that an actual place of manufacture of flint implements existed here.

Another most interesting fact of this discovery was the unearthing of various heaps of flint evidently brought together

by the ancient workmen so that they might have their raw material at hand when engaged in implement making. The period of the Rochester flint-knapping industry, as judged by the finished implements discovered, goes back to the days when the climate of England was getting cold, and the country was inhabited by the mammoth. The discovery shows that, even in those remote days, man had begun to organise his flint implement industry.

We can imagine that certain members of the tribe would be told off to collect suitable flints, and to put them together in heaps for the expert flint-flakers.

All recent researches show that man existed in this country during the warm periods which occurred between the advances of the glaciers from the north, and it may well be that our present age is but another of these warm epochs, which will be terminated, in the remote future, by another Ice Age.

AMERICA WANTS TO KNOW

NINE NATIONS AND THEIR DEBTS

Those Who Spend on War Must Pay What They Owe

POSITION OF FRANCE

America is asking urgent questions of France and eight other nations about the money they owe her.

It is six and a half years now since the end of the war, yet the question of the repayment of money borrowed to carry it on has not been settled. Britain would let her debtors off if she were released from her debts in her turn, and she is owed a great deal more than she owes. But America thinks her debtors should pay, and Britain is already paying her. So is even poor Poland.

Britain is asking from her debtors only enough to pay America with, and negotiations with France on how payment is to be made, which were interrupted when M. Herriot resigned, are now being renewed. France has promised America that she will propose a scheme for paying her, too, but apparently America is getting impatient, for she has just sent a Note to all her European debtors asking them what they propose to do.

When Will They Pay?

The Note has gone to France, Italy, Belgium, Greece, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugo-Slavia, Esthonia and Latvia. Russia, too, owes money to America, but apparently it is thought useless to remind her of it. People seem very doubtful of the response of the others, but one does not see why one or two of them should not make an effort. France is the one really important debtor of both America and Britain.

The new French Minister of Finance, M. Caillaux, has announced his intention of coming to an arrangement with both countries as soon as he can. As a matter of fact, no one imagines that France can begin to pay for years yet, but both her creditors think the time has come for her to make an offer as to when she will pay.

The Fear of War

Happily, her present Government realises that France's own financial position can never be sound so long as she appears before the world as unwilling or unable to pay her debts. A great effort is being made to put her finances right, and an arrangement about her debts is part of the business.

Another thing the new French Government seems ready to get on with is an understanding with her late enemies which shall lessen her constant fear of war. Germany seems really to see that her own prosperity depends on such an understanding. Germany is not allowed to pile up armaments (though she has been doing more in that direction than the Treaty allows), and she is finding out how much easier it is to recover prosperity if she does not throw away her money on armies and navies.

A Lesson to be Learned

If France could learn the same lesson she would soon have plenty of money for her debts, and there is also this to remember—that if she learned that lesson America would probably leave off asking for it! It is the way her debtors go on spending money on armaments, as if they had no debts to pay, that makes America so steady in her demands.

So long as nations have money for war, says America, they have money to pay their debts, and must do so.

Other exhibits included an artificial larynx, a delicate electrical instrument for testing tensile strength, an electrical stethoscope enabling 600 people at once to hear sounds in a human body, and some remarkable photographs transmitted over 3000 miles of telephone wires in America.

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MEETING-PLACE OF CONTINENTS

WHERE ASIA TOUCHES EUROPE

The Ancient Capital of the New Turkish Republic

A LITTLE RIDE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

By a Travelling Correspondent

As we passed through the Bulgarian hill country on the way to Constantinople everything was covered deep with snow. It had been snowing solidly for five days, and the whole landscape was white; but when we woke up in Greece there was none.

You travel for a short time through Greek territory on your way to Constantinople, for the railway from Svilengrad on the Bulgarian frontier runs for a while through Thrace along the right bank of the Maritza, which is now Greek, passing villages of queer little houses of mud or roughly piled stones, thatched with straw, and here and there ruined forts and sites of villages that told the tale of war.

First Glimpses of Turkey

At intervals along the line there were posts of Greek soldiers, who turned out at attention to see the train safely past. And on a marsh near by we saw a flock of herons in the early morning light, standing also at attention at the corners of the marsh, and taking no note whatever of us.

At last the Maritza is crossed, and we are in Turkey. Turkish soldiers with the crescent on their sheepskin caps; Turkish peasants with a shirt buttoned up to the throat, full trousers and short jackets, and several yards of homespun wound round their waists to serve as pockets for everything necessary, and the red fez with the black tassel; Turkish women with veils of black, white or yellow on their heads; Turkish babies carried pick-a-back in a kind of sling; small boys carrying waterbottles of just the same shape as the old Greek ones you may see in the British Museum; cattle, sheep, and dogs everywhere.

Where Time is Not Money

The queerest little covered carts, some of them looking as if they must fall to pieces at any moment, stand outside the station, and among them one incongruous new Ford car. The rolling stock in the sidings is very odd to our notions. These are coaches which look rather like cattle-trucks with a queer turret at one end and no windows, but a wooden door in the middle; they are not cattle-trucks, for they are labelled *40 Hommes*.

There is plenty of time to look at all these things and many others, for the one thing that has no particular value in the Balkans is time, and at every frontier we spend a good deal of it on both sides having ourselves, our passports, and our luggage examined.

A Land as Allah Made It

If the journey through eastern Thrace to Constantinople is dull from some points of view it is interesting from others, for you are in the East among a pastoral people guarding their flocks on the hillsides and in the hollows just as they have done from time immemorial. There is a Turkish story which comes to mind as we look out on the scene. Allah called for a map of the world, and looked at France. "What are all these red lines?" He asked; and He was told that they were railways. "And these others?" They were canals. "And these blotches?" These were towns and factories. "But," He said, "the country is unrecognisable, and not at all the France I made."

And so on through all the countries of Europe with their cultivated lands, their

BRICKS POURING IN WHAT IT MEANS

How Ships are Carrying Clay to a Clay Country

AMAZING POSITION

By Our Industrial Correspondent

Although British brickyards are increasing their output, they are not producing enough bricks to go round, and builders still find it difficult to get sufficient supplies.

As a result, foreign bricks are beginning to pour into the country, although they are not as good as British bricks.

In the first three months of this year we actually imported 23 million bricks in addition to 410,000 cwts. of roofing, wall, and floor tiles!

These figures are amazing, for Britain is specially suited to produce bricks. We have plenty of brick clay and plenty of coal, and we could, if necessary, produce all the bricks for all the building needed in Europe. It is one of the simplest industries, and there is no excuse whatever for using ships to bring to our country heavy and bulky articles which ought to be made at home.

Dear Bricks

There is another point. Because the supply of bricks is below the demand their price has become very heavy. That is one reason why inventors are turning their attention to steel houses. A steel house is not nearly so good as a brick house, and we are being driven to building inferior houses simply because bricks and bricklayers are short.

The same applies to roofing tiles, which are also very dear. The fact that we are importing tiles at the rate of 1,600,000 cwts. a year is almost as incredible as it is disquieting.

Bricks and tiles are made out of burnt clay, and the firing is done with coal. Our coal mines are suffering badly from unemployment, so that at the very time when we are importing large quantities of coal-fired bricks and tiles our miners are being discharged in thousands.

An Absurdity Comes True

Steps should be taken to make a great increase in the output of British bricks and tiles. More and more will be wanted as housing improves.

In the old days the import of bricks into this country would have been thought an absurdity, for the freight is very heavy. They are most unsuitable articles to ship at all, and that they should be brought in by the million is a grave reproach to our industrial organisation. Ships were not made for the transport of cheap heavy goods which can be easily produced in the places where they are wanted, yet at this moment brick and tile makers in France, Belgium, Germany, and Holland are appointing agents to sell their manufactures in this country.

Continued from the previous column

towns, their communications. Even Bulgaria was changed out of recognition. At last came Turkey, the steppe country of a pastoral people and its herds. Then Allah said: "Turkey I recognise; it is as it was when I made it."

And indeed this part of the world, until you come to the great city of Eastern Europe, has gained and lost little from man's invention. It has a beauty of its own. With luck you may catch a glimpse of the long snowy ridge of Bithynian Olympus pink in the evening light far away in Asia. Then come the deep blue arms of the Bosphorus to prepare you for your first sight of the wonderful city on the Golden Horn. Once you have seen that marvellous situation, the meeting-place of Asia and Europe, you know that the town must under all circumstances have a great future, as it has had a mighty past.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is Van Wyks Vlei?

This is the name of a lake and town in Carnarvon, Cape Province, South Africa.

On What Do Jellyfish Feed?

These queer creatures, of which 99 parts out of 100 are water, feed mostly on small crustaceans.

What was the Date of Queen Mary Tudor's Birth?

Mary the First was born on the morning of Monday, February 18, 1516.

What is a Transit Circle?

An astronomical instrument for marking the exact moment when a celestial body crosses the meridian, and also its altitude at that moment.

What is the Cosmos?

The Cosmos, which is a Greek word meaning order, is used to describe the Universe as an ordered whole. The name was first used in this sense by Pythagoras.

What do the Christian Names Frederick and Grace Mean?

Frederick is a Teutonic name meaning Peace-ruler; Grace comes from the Latin and means Thanksgiving.

What is the Meaning of the Name Gibraltar?

Gibraltar is a corrupted spelling of Jebel-el-Tarik, which is Arabic for the Mountain of Tarik. Tarik was a one-eyed Berber chief, who captured the rock in 711, and founded the Moorish power in Spain.

Does an Object Thrown From a Moving Train Move in the Same Direction?

When an object is thrown from a moving vehicle, it has at first the same velocity, or speed, as the vehicle, with the speed at which it is thrown added or subtracted or partly added or subtracted according to the direction in which it is thrown.

What is the Meaning of the Word Maru in the Names of Japanese Ships?

The word really means a circle or a whole, but it is the name given to the different divisions of a castle. It is also used as a name for ships, for swords, and for the Japanese flag. It conveys the idea of something complete.

What are "The Five Towns"?

The Five Towns are a group of imaginary towns among which Mr. Arnold Bennett lays the scenes of many of his novels. He describes them as Bursley, Turnhill, Hanbridge, Knype, and Longshaw. The idea is evidently based on the real towns forming the Potteries—Burslem, Tunstall, Hanley, Stoke, and Longton.

What is the Origin of the Expression "Bringing Home the Ashes"?

When, in 1882, an Australian team defeated England in this country a sporting paper published a humorous obituary notice of English cricket in which it said the body would be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia. The idea caught on and has remained popular ever since.

When were Playing Cards First Taxed?

The tax was imposed for a time in the reign of James I, but was bitterly opposed. In Queen Anne's reign it was reimposed, when a duty of sixpence a pack was placed on cards. All cards made and unsold before June 12, 1711, were to be brought in to be stamped, and to pay a duty of one halfpenny per pack.

Why Does Water Put Out Fire?

For two reasons. When an object is covered with water the oxygen of the air cannot get at it and oxygen is necessary if burning is to take place. In the second place, water has a great capacity for heat, and takes so much heat to itself and so quickly that it lowers the hotness, or temperature, of the burning thing so that it can no longer burn.

Is it Wrong to Split an Infinitive, and if so, Why?

It is generally recognised by the best authorities to be wrong to split an infinitive, that is to put an adverb between the to and the verb, thus "to calmly walk." The reason is that the to is regarded as part of the verb, and it is wrong to break up the verb, which in the example given is "to walk" not merely the word "walk."

What is Pain?

Everybody knows what pain is, but it is difficult to define in words. It means uneasiness, a distress of body or mind, and has been described as that property of sensations or states of consciousness which induces in the sentient being an effort or a desire to suppress or be rid of them. This is very learned, but it does not add to our own personal knowledge of what pain is.

JUPITER AND THE ARCHER

GIANT WORLD BECOMING BRIGHTER

Why a Planet Seems to Retrace its Path

VENUS APPROACHING THE EARTH

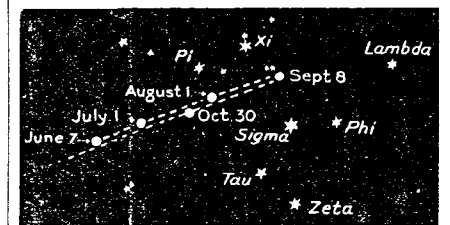
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The great planet Jupiter is now visible before midnight very low in the south-east sky, rising about 11.30 p.m. at the beginning of next week and about 11 p.m. at the end.

His splendid orb will soon be a brilliant feature of our summer evenings. On Monday night, June 8, Jupiter will be found a little way to the left of, and below, the Moon, of course greatly dimmed by her radiance.

A few days later, when the Moon is out of the way and Jupiter rises a little earlier, it will be seen that he is in close proximity to a number of moderately bright stars. These belong to the constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer.

Jupiter is now travelling toward the right, or west, and during the next three months will continue to approach these stars, as shown in our star map; until



The apparent path of Jupiter through the stars of Sagittarius

the early part of September, when this great world will turn and begin to travel in the reverse direction, eastward.

This is his direct path through the heavens, the other being the perspective effect, due to our world travelling in a smaller orbit within that of Jupiter.

Jupiter is at present about 390 million miles away, but we are getting closer to him each day, so he will get slightly brighter until July 10, when he will be at his closest, and about three-and-a-half million miles nearer.

His presence among the stars of Sagittarius will enable us to become acquainted with this fine constellation, which, being so far south, is often overlooked.

Now, though apparently approaching the stars of Sagittarius, Jupiter is in reality not doing so, and is very little nearer to them than we are, as astronomical distances go.

32 Minutes and 192 Years

For instance, the star Pi in Sagittarius, which Jupiter will be very close to and apparently only three times the Moon's width away from, at the end of July, is actually 3,153,000 times as far away from us as Jupiter is, the light reflected from the planet taking only 32 minutes to reach us, whereas it has taken 192 years to come from the great sun Pi. So when planets are described as approaching a star, or tracing a path among the stars, it should be remembered that they only do so as seen from our point of view.

While Jupiter is rising higher each evening in the south-east Venus is doing the same in the north-west, where she may be found between 9 and 10 o'clock, amid the sunset glow. But, owing to the bright twilight and her great distance—at present about 160 million miles—she will not appear bright enough to be perceived easily before she sets, about 10.15 p.m. Nevertheless, she is the brightest object in that part of the sky, and later on will become more conspicuous as she slowly approaches our world. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus and Mars in the north-west, Saturn south, and Jupiter south-east toward midnight.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 11

Catching a Seal

ANEROK, a young Eskimo boy of about fifteen, walked beside Tom on the way to the seal hunt. He looked at the white boy shyly, and with a friendly expression on his face, having evidently much he wished to talk about. Tom, on his side, too, was eager to discuss many things with the native.

But it must be remembered that our party had been in the Eskimo country only about six months, and though they had devoted themselves to learning as much of the difficult language as they could from their own Eskimo companions, they were still very far from fluent. But where words were wanting the two boys conveyed their meaning by gestures.

Anerok most wanted to know about the oil stove that he had seen among the white men's gear.

"What is this lamp you have that has about it what looks like ice but is not?" he inquired, curiously.

"Oh, that's only glass," answered Tom, and could not refrain from boasting a little. "I know a trick worth several of that. You see this long iron thing?" The boy exhibited his gun, which he had swung over his shoulder. "Now, I could stand here, and you see that ice boulder over there? Suppose that is a bear. I point my gun. Bing! He falls dead. What do you think of that?"

The Eskimo boy, to Tom's surprise, listened indifferently.

"Yes, I suppose so. But our shamans can do better than that. They need only sit in the house and think bear, and the bears come out in numbers and fall dead."

"Ho!" exclaimed Tom, somewhat crestfallen at the non-success of his wonder. "You are superstitious. Have you ever seen a shaman do this?"

"Not I exactly, but my father's brother has seen this, and many of the older men of the tribe saw these things often in their youth," answered the Eskimo boy, and being entirely convinced of the truth of the shaman's power, changed the subject to what interested him more. "You have much metal. That is good. Will you give me some for my javelin? I will pay you with Ugrug skins—the skins of the great bearded seal."

"What could I do with those?" asked Tom.

"Make an umiak of them, of course," answered the native, "a big skin boat that, if well made, will not go down or overturn even in a big storm."

"I'd certainly like to have a boat like that," said Tom.

Timothy and Christopher, who were walking with Ole and the other Eskimos a short distance ahead, turned back. They were by now a mile or so out on the ice.

"The men say we must separate and look for seals in small groups," announced Christopher. "Tom, suppose you and Anerok go together. He will teach you to hunt seals as the Eskimos do. The rest of us will not be far off."

"Right-o, Chris!" answered Tom, and added to the Eskimo boy, still in English, "Lead on, Macduff!"

When the two boys had come to a wide, level expanse of ice, the Eskimo stopped and pointed to a dark spot about five hundred yards away.

"See! There is a seal," he exclaimed. "Go near enough to see him clearly, and watch closely how he acts. Then lie down on the ice and try to imitate him. Whenever he lifts his head to look round you must lie still, but not too still,

Set down by
John Halden

or he will think something is wrong and slip into the water. Look, this is the way."

Anerok dropped down on the ice and, after sidling a short distance, lay flat on the ice. In a moment he lifted his head about eighteen inches, looked round with a comical expression of watchfulness, then dropped it again. He wriggled all over, flapping his hands near to his body, and, drawing up his knees, kicked out slightly two or three times.

Tom dropped on the ice, and wriggled snake fashion toward the seal. He was well out of its range of sight, which is only about three hundred yards, but he went through the pantomime, all the while bursting with laughter.

"I think you will lose that seal," remarked Anerok. "You laugh too much and wave your arms about more than you should. But try how near you can get."

So saying the Eskimo sat down on the ice and prepared to watch the outcome of Tom's attempt. Tom, for his part, sobered himself with an effort.

As he drew nearer his intended prey he was able to imitate it more exactly. His gun he pushed along in front of him.

"I'm getting along beautifully!" he congratulated himself.

Just at that moment the seal saw him. It stiffened up, gazed at him fixedly for a moment, then started crawling for its hole.

"He's going to dive!" thought Tom.

But the seal stopped for another look at this object that was just dimly in its range of sight. Tom all the while doing his famous imitation. He was for the moment successful, for the seal, seemingly convinced, laid its head down again on the ice to sleep.

"I'll get him yet!" Tom slid triumphantly nearer.

Some fifteen minutes passed this way, with Tom getting nearer all the time. He was within thirty yards and moving ahead breathlessly when an accident happened. His belt caught on a snag of thin ice, and broke it off with a sharp report.

Instantly, seeing that the seal had been startled awake, Tom took aim and fired.

"Got him!" he shouted, for the seal gave a convulsive flop over on the ice, and lay dead.

But he was over sanguine, for the body, started by the movement, began sliding rapidly down the slippery ice toward the hole.

Tom, fearing to lose the animal, threw himself face downward on the ice, and slid the last few feet, catching it by a hind flipper just as it shot diagonally down into the water.

Now this seal was a big one for its kind, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and Tom, obstinately refusing to let go of its flipper, was dragged with it down into the water.

Down, down he went, some ten or fifteen feet, and then, to his own surprise, up he came again still in the wake of the dead seal, for like most seals, it was buoyant with fat. But he came up diagonally as he had gone down, and found himself under the ice!

He had kept his eyes open, of course, and now saw the blur of light that showed him the direction of the open space through which he had come. Letting go of the seal at last, he dived toward it with a final convulsive movement of his limbs before they should grow numb with cold, and over heavy with the weight of his clothes.

"I hope Anerok saw me go down," he thought desperately. "If he didn't I'll never get out of here alive!"

CHAPTER 12

Copper Hair

MEANWHILE Ellen, back in the village with the women, was having an adventure of her own. On the departure of the men the wife of the chief seal hunter invited, in friendly fashion, the white girl to her own house, the largest in the village.

"We will have a feast," she said, "and the day for talking, for the men will not be back till evening."

Accordingly Ellen went with the others to the house and, entering through the low door, found herself in a long oval room, well warmed by four stone lamps in which seal oil was burning. Everything seemed very clean, and there was no smoke. Bear skins were strewn on the floor, and a dim greenish light came through the ice window.

The other women followed, and the old shaman came last, showing by her sullen face her resentment at being momentarily forgotten, for the women were absorbed in their curiosity and friendliness for Ellen.

"Will the white girl take her seat on this bear skin?" asked Anak, the hostess, politely.

Ellen thanked her and sat, and the old shaman, accustomed to that seat, sat grumpily down in a shadowy corner.

The room was so warm that all the women took off their hoods and outer fur coats. Ellen followed their example and revealed herself in a short-sleeved tunic of thin fawn-skin. There was a murmur of admiration among the women at the whiteness of her throat and arms.

A little girl of eleven could no longer endure the strain of politeness, and came forward to touch Ellen.

"You have arms like the snow," she said, "and where did you find your hair? It cannot be real. It is made of copper."

To prove it the little girl brought a copper ice pick from its place near the door and held it close to Ellen's head.

"Grandmother!" said a woman sharply, "these are not good questions. Come and sit near me and hold your peace."

Ellen looked at the woman in surprise.

"Why do you call her Grandmother?" asked Ellen, pausing in her examination of the copper implement—which reminded her of Ole's story of the Copper Mountain in that country.

"Because she is my grandmother," answered the woman, who was perhaps thirty years old.

"However can that be?" persisted Ellen.

It took considerable questioning

on the white girl's part to get the women to explain what they considered a very ordinary phenomenon. At last, however, Anak made it clear.

"When a child is born," she said, "its nappan, or spirit, is very weak and foolish and not capable of keeping the little one out of danger. So the mother calls to the spirit of the last person dead in the village and asks it to make its home in the child's body and take care of it. So this little girl has within her the spirit of her own great-grandmother, and her mother, over there, calls her grandmother and respects her, for she was a very wise old woman."

A mumbling voice came from the corner. It was the shaman.

"Some spirits are wise, but many are evil. They take strange shapes and come to human habitations to do ill. Only the shaman knows them and their thoughts. Only the shaman is wise to protect the people from the evil turnrak!"

Ellen, who still spoke and understood Eskimo with difficulty, got only the general drift of this speech, as of the preceding ones, but the women listened to it respectfully, nodding their heads.

"The shaman is very old and very wise," explained Anak, leaning toward Ellen. "She remembers all that happened when she was a turnrak, waiting to be born. She wandered up and down the country then, talking to the other spirits, learning their secrets, so that now they come to her when she calls them and tell her what she wishes to know."

"She's a malicious old fraud," thought Ellen, but said nothing.

The other women had brought their work with them and were now busily sewing at sealskin garments for their children and their men. To Ellen's surprise, most of them worked with steel needles.

"Where do you get them?" she asked.

"They are our greatest treasure," answered Anak. "A trader once sold them to our tribe for many, many skins of foxes. Each woman has only one."

Inwardly Ellen, who had brought with her a large packet of such long, large-eyed steel needles, resolved to ask the boys' advice about giving a few to their kind hostess.

"Where do you get all this copper?" she asked, seeing about her implements of the metal sometimes as much as fifteen and eighteen inches long.

"It comes from a mountain far to the north-east of here," answered Anak. "There big pieces of copper bigger than a man lie on the ground. But the mountain is guarded by spirits and by fierce one-eyed men. Our people only trade for little pieces."

Ellen started as she heard the familiar legend.

"There may be something in it after all," she mused. But her thoughts were distracted by a commotion at the end of the room near the shaman. It had been going on for some time. One of the women seemed to have lost something, and the others had been helping her in her search. Now the woman began to wail, rocking her body back and forth.

"My needle is gone!" she cried. Consternation reigned.

At this moment the shaman sprang up with blazing eyes and pointed a knotted finger at Ellen.

"The turnrak has it! Look at her! She grows pale. Has there ever been a woman before with copper hair and skin of snow? I was warned in a dream that a turnrak would appear and bewitch all our treasures, our pots and lamps and spears and needles, away from us and throw them into the sea. Drive her away before she does more harm. Kill her!"

The women, under the spell of their shaman, looked at the strange girl threateningly. Ellen leaped to her feet and stood at bay.

"Kill her!" screamed the shaman.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Gallant King

AN English prince, born near the close of the 14th century, was reared in an atmosphere of political unrest. His father had been alternately for and against the reigning king, and had finally seized the throne. He was a man of war, and the son also became a great warrior.

But he was not merely a soldier. He had been educated at Oxford University, and though he spent a somewhat wild youth, when he came to the throne at 25 he gave up all his bad companions and showed a wisdom that surprised his people.

He began well by pardoning his father's enemies and releasing them from custody, and won great popularity, so that when he decided to conquer France he had the whole-hearted support of his subjects.

That was the object to which he dedicated his life, no doubt really believing that the French throne was his by right. Appointing his brother Regent of England, he led an army across the Channel in a fleet of over a thousand vessels, and soon captured a fortress at the mouth of the Seine.

Disease, however, broke out among the English troops and devastated the camp. The King's army of over 30,000 men was reduced to 9000, but with this he won a great victory over a French army of probably 100,000 men. It was one of the most outstanding victories in English history.

Then he returned to England, where he was received with tumultuous joy by his people, who lined his route from Dover to London, and even rushed into the sea to greet him as he landed. But although the English people felt that France was conquered, this was far from being the case. Fighting again broke out, and only by taking advantage of the dissensions in the ranks of his foes could the English king defeat them.

Long negotiations took place, and at last a so-called Perpetual Peace was signed with the French king, by which it was arranged that on his death the English monarch should succeed him on the throne of France. The English king also married the French monarch's eldest daughter.

Fighting, however, continued with other French factions, and in the midst of the hostilities, while the English king was advancing to the relief of a beleaguered town, he fell ill and died. His body was borne with pomp through France and carried home to Westminster Abbey, where it was buried.

He was a great patron of the poets, a stern administrator of justice, and carried out many reforms. But it is as a victorious general that he is best remembered. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Can You Stencil?

Ask Mother to buy you a copy of the Second "Best Way" Stencil Book (No. 147)—it will show you the way to decorate in colours all sorts of different things—toys, ornaments, glass, china. Stencilling is ever so easy and there is no limit to the designs you can make. This book contains

THREE LARGE
STENCIL PLATES
FREE

So you will be able to start this fascinating hobby right away. Tell Mother to be sure to ask for

"BEST WAY"
SECOND
STENCIL BOOK
(No. 147)
If your newsagent has not this book in stock he will ORDER IT FOR YOU



Spring Goeth All in White, Crowned with Milk-White May

D! MERRYMAN

"WHAT have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocer's assistant.

"Nothing but bananas, madam," was the reply.

A Reversed Word

THERE'S a word of two syllables whose meaning implies What all should abstain from who are prudent and wise; The contrast is great, for reversed it will show What all men on earth are anxious to do.

Answer next week

WHAT is the difference between a cat and a book?

One has the claws at the end of the paws, and the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

Do You Live in the Forest of Dean?

THE name is often stated to mean the Forest of the Danes, or of Denmark, but modern authorities believe that the Dean is more probably derived from din, a hill-fort, or from denu, a deep-wooded vale.

A Foolish Question

A YOUNG lady went into a fur shop and was met by a polite salesman.

"I want a muff," she said.

"Yes, madam," said the salesman. "What fur?"

The young lady looked surprised for a moment. "Why," she said, "to keep my hands warm, of course."

More Useful

SNARLED a porcupine, born in Peru,

"I have quills for a foe, it is true, But as they're soon shot I would give the whole lot For the legs of a swift kangaroo!"

WHAT English word still has some left over after taking away the whole of it? Wholesome.



The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

To Hampton Court young Marmy went, accompanied by Gus.

"About this maze," said Marmaduke, "the people make a fuss. All you have to do is just to turn first left then right, And very, very soon we'll find the centre is in sight."

But after half an hour or so of tramping round and round, And turning left and right again, the centre wasn't found.

"Let's get out!" Augustus said, "it's nearly time for tea."

But how to do so was a task that Gussy couldn't see.

They wandered round for hours and hours (some say days and days) And for all I know those boys are still a-walking in the maze.

WHAT is the difference between a tunnel and a megaphone? One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

House to Let



THE Brownies scaled a fence, and saw

An object plain and round. Snip rapped it with his knuckles—ting!—Metallic was the sound.

"What can it be?" asked Snap. Said Snip, "I think, beyond a doubt, It's one of those steel houses that We hear so much about!"

Competition

"WAS there a brass band to meet you when you got back home?" a friend asked a local politician who had a great idea of his own importance.

"No," replied the M.P. disdainfully. "I told the committee to do without the music. I'm tired of being politely tolerated while the band gets the real applause."

An Arithmetical Problem

To half a dozen add half a score, Then you will plainly see Just twenty, neither less nor more; Explain this mystery.

Solution next week

WHEN has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

Being Prepared

A TALL, nervous-looking man rushed into the grocer's shop in a village.

"Sell me all the stale eggs you have," he demanded.

"Well, I don't usually sell stale eggs," said the grocer, "but I could let you have some if you—"

"I must have all you've got."

"I suppose you're going to see Hamlet at the village hall tonight," said the grocer knowingly.

"Hush!" said the stranger, glancing around nervously. "I am Hamlet."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Reversed Word. Drawer, reward

The Butterfly Cross Word Puzzle

ACROSS. 1. By. 2. Pig. 4. Cow. 6. Man. 7. He. 10. On. 12. Be. 14. One. 17. Tea. 19. Nod. 20. To. 21. My. 22. Rat. 23. So. 25. Bit. 27. Bar. 28. Or. 29. Stare. 32. Spain. 34. Tin. 36. Spin. 37. Lean. 38. Asp. 39. Our. 40. Do. 41. At. 42. Sit. 43. Ant. 44. Bees. 46. Pass. 49. Let. 51. Is. 52. Bear. 53. Load. 55. R.E. (Royal Engineers). 56. Purr. 59. Blow. 60. N.L. 61. Pa. 62. As. 64. Me. 65. Use. 68. An. 69. R.A. (Royal Academician). 70. See. 72. Not. 73. Lemon. 74. Ear. 75. Fry. 76. Eel. 77. Led. 78. Sat.

DOWN. 1. Barks. 3. Go. 5. Owl. 6. Me. 8. Enter. 9. Son. 11. Not. 12. Boy. 13. Bat. 15. Nobs. 16. Edits. 17. Train. 18. Earn. 24. Onions. 26. Tap. 27. Baa. 28. Oyster. 30. Rider. 31. Enos. 32. Slap. 33. Petals. 35. Nut. 38. Ail. 43. Air-gun. 44. Berlin. 45. Ear. 47. Sob. 48. Salmon. 50. Tender. 52. Bun. 54. Doe. 57. Camel. 58. Carol. 61. Pale. 63. Sane. 65. Sop. 67. Err. 70. Sea. 71. Eat.

Jacko Turns Blue

ONE morning, as Jacko was racing out of the house, he heard somebody calling him. It was Adolphus, who wanted to know where he was going. "I've got a job for you," he said. "Don't go off in a hurry like that."

Jacko had meant to spend the day in the woods, but, as he was always willing to help other people, he came back and asked his brother what he wanted.

The job wasn't a very bad one. Adolphus wanted one of his suits taken to the cleaners.

"I hear they make them as good as new," he said.

Jacko thought it would be rather fun. He knew cleaners did dyeing as well, and he imagined he would see all sorts of big pans full of coloured dyes.

But when he got to the place he was thoroughly disappointed, for it was just like an ordinary shop with a counter. All the dyeing was done somewhere out of sight.



Jacko was blue from top to toe

"I wouldn't have dragged a heavy parcel all this way if I'd known!" he declared angrily.

When the man behind the counter had opened the parcel, he asked Jacko what he wanted done with the suit.

"I want it made as good as new," said Jacko, importantly.

The man smiled. "Well, I'm sure we'll do our best," he said kindly. "Dyed or cleaned?"

"Dyed bright green," growled Jacko. He was very hot and tired, and annoyed with Adolphus.

The man seemed a bit surprised. He said he didn't think the suit would dye bright green, but he would go and see. And off he went, taking the suit with him.

When he came back Jacko had disappeared. He had found his way round to the back of the shop where the dyeing was going on!

And a high old time he had. There were huge pans full of coloured dyes, just as he had expected to see, and the men were stirring them with long sticks and putting clothes in and out.

Everybody was much too busy to take any notice of Jacko. He wandered about to his heart's content, and once, when nobody was looking, he dipped his handkerchief into some purple dye and dyed it bright purple. And, as he was walking about, flourishing it with great pride, he suddenly ran into the man he had seen in the shop!

Jacko took to his heels. But the man had recognised him, and came after him with a stick.

Jacko dodged about all over the place; the trouble was he had got lost and couldn't find the door. And, at last, just as he caught sight of it, he slipped and fell into a big pan of dye!

He was certainly "as good as new" when he came out, for he was a lovely bright blue from top to toe!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

What Are They Reading?

Much comment has been aroused in America by a survey of the literature read by 800 students in a large high school.

It seems that one-fourth of them admitted that they never read the newspapers, half of them read no books at all except those they were required to read in connection with their studies; and among the others only one read Shakespeare from choice, one Tennyson, two Scott, two Cooper, two Hugo, and four Dickens. Not a single one read Stevenson!

We suggest that the school should subscribe to the C.N.

Que Lisent-Ils?

On a beaucoup commenté en Amérique sur une étude de ce que lisent les 800 étudiants d'un grand lycée.

Il paraît qu'un quart de ces jeunes gens ont avoué qu'ils ne lisaient jamais les journaux, que la moitié ne lisaient aucun livre, sauf ceux qui leur étaient imposés pour leurs études; parmi le reste, un seul lisait Shakespeare par goût, un Tennyson, deux Scott, deux Cooper, deux Hugo, et quatre Dickens. Pas un seul ne lisait Stevenson!

Nous conseillons au lycée de s'abonner au C.N.

Tales Before Bedtime

Pam's Present

BOBBY put a little cardboard box into Pam's hands. "This is the funniest present you ever had," he said.

Pam opened the box and found the bottom covered with little dark green specks, rather like mustard seeds.

"What are they, Bob?"

"Silkworms' eggs. Aunt Meg gave them to me, and I'm giving them to you because silk is more useful to girls than boys. When they turn into silkworms they'll spin you lots of silk."

"Oh, Bobs, how lovely! I'll grow a silk party dress."

They put the little box in a sunny window, and in a week the green specks had become little, hairy black grubs with big heads. Bobby rushed into the garden for lettuce leaves, and called to Pam to find a larger box.

The silkworms grew bigger and bigger every day; in fact, they outgrew their own skins four times; till at last they were no longer hairy little grubs, but fat, yellowish caterpillars nearly three inches long.

"Oh, I believe they're ill, poor darlings!" cried Pam one morning. "They haven't touched their lettuce or even the mulberry leaves that Miss Cox gave me; they're crawling up the sides of the box."

"They're going to spin, silly," said Bobby. "You must put a paper cone over each one, or they'll all tangle up together and you won't get your party dress at all."

They popped a paper cone over each silkworm, till the box looked like a camp of little white tents.

"I really can't wait," said Pam one day, and she lifted up one of the cones and saw a silkworm turning its head round and round in a silken web of golden yellow.



"What are they, Bob?"

"How perfectly lovely!" cried Pam. "I can go to the school party as a primrose!"

There was not enough for a dress; but there was enough to embroider a white handkerchief-case with yellow primroses for Aunt Meg; and Pam told Bobby it was true that the silkworms' eggs were the nicest present she had ever had.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

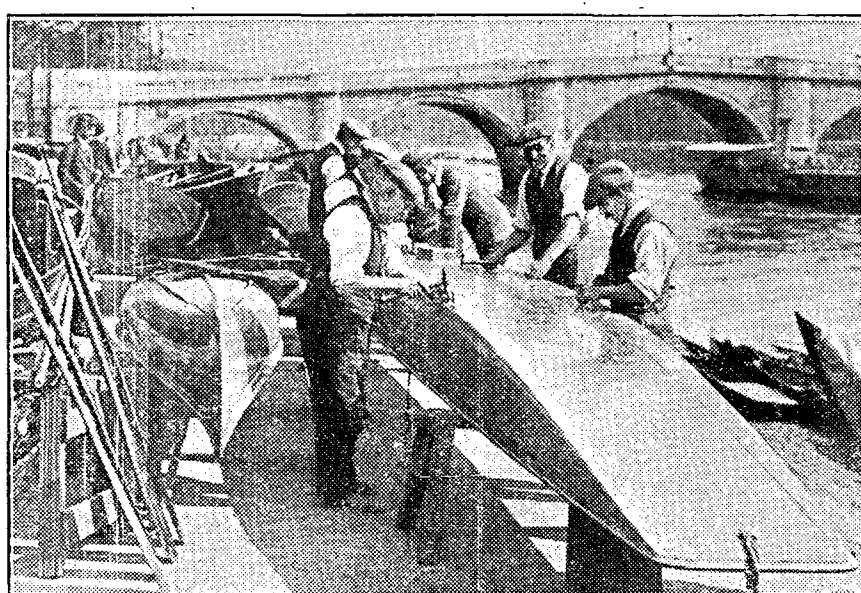
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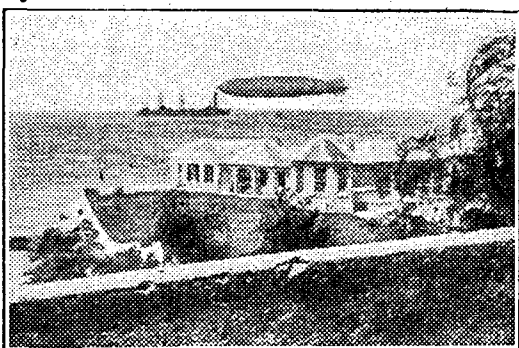
CAMEL'S BATH · AIRSHIP ANCHORED AT SEA · THE PRINCE AND THE GUIDES



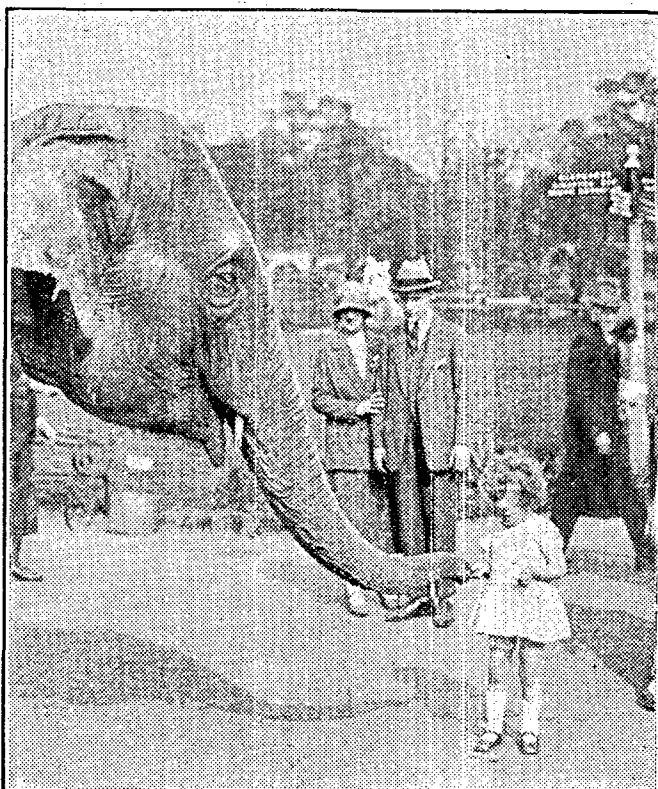
A Cool Shower Bath for the Camel—Even the camel which in its native haunts is accustomed to a very dry atmosphere and much greater heat than is ever experienced in England, is grateful for a refreshing shower bath in summer, as this picture taken at the London Zoo shows



A Busy Scene by the Thames—Last summer was a very disappointing one on the Thames and other rivers, but this year boating enthusiasts have been making up for lost time. The boatmen at Richmond are being kept very busy getting the boats ready, as we can see here



Airship Anchored to a Steamship—Here is the great American airship Los Angeles safely anchored to the mooring mast on a ship during a recent trip to Bermuda



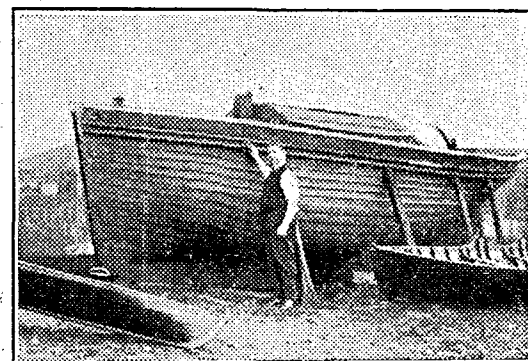
A Tit-Bit for the Elephant—This charming snapshot taken at the London Zoo shows a little visitor sharing her piece of cake with the big elephant, which is waiting patiently for the morsel. The little girl does not seem in the least concerned at the great size of the elephant



The Little Princes of Japan—Here are five little princes of Japan watching an airman making a parachute descent while an officer explains to them how it is done



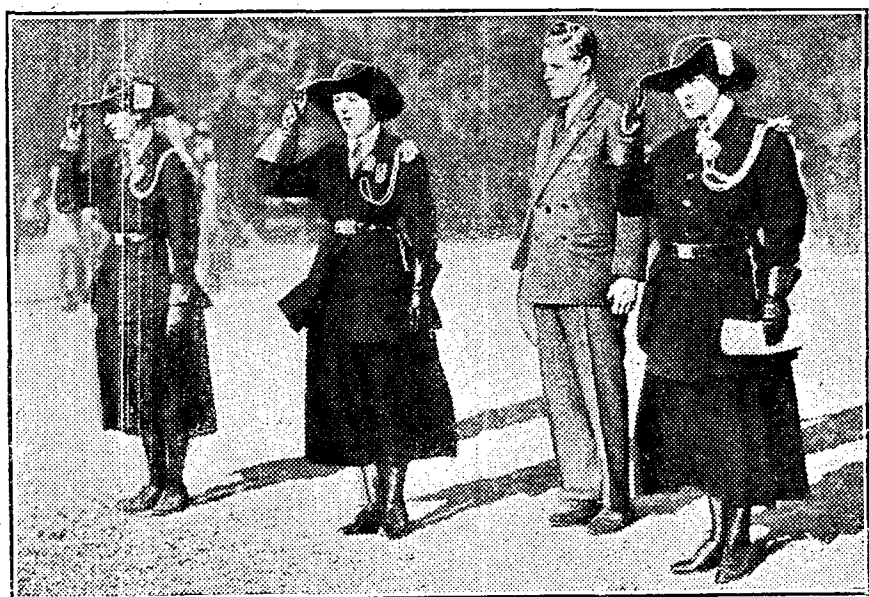
Young London at the House of Commons—One of the most popular sights of London is the House of Commons, and here we see a happy party of boys and girls from Stepney being shown the view from the terrace by a member



One Man Builds a Boat—Mr. Delacroix, of Palmer's Green, London, has spent 14 years building this boat, known as a bawley, on the River Lea, doing every bit of the work himself, and he has just finished his task



A Cool Spot in Central London—The hot weather has been causing Londoners to look round for cool places, and we see in this picture some of them enjoying a rest on the roof of a big store in the West End. It is astonishing how quiet and remote a London roof seems



The Prince with the South African Guides—While in South Africa the Prince of Wales inspected the Girl Guides and complimented them on their smart appearance. He received a rousing reception and is here seen with the officers as the Guides march past before him

THE JUNE NUMBER OF THE C.N.'S MONTHLY COMPANION, MY MAGAZINE, IS NOW ON SALE

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